FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT
READING
LOONEY TUNES
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NO. 18
SEP.'95
AIR
YUM!
DIRECT SALES
HIP FAB FUN

DUCK DODGERS IN STING OPERATION

WB 505

Writers: Bobbi and David Weiss Penciller: John Costanza Inker: Scott McRae Letterer: David Cody Weiss Colorist: Jo Meugniot

THE 24TH & 1/2TH CENTURY! A TIME RENOWNED FOR ITS PEACE, HARMONY AND TECHNOLOGICAL WONDER! BUT MOST OF ALL, IT IS RENOWNED FOR ITS MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN--

--DUCK DODGERS!

LAST STOP

DEEP DISH

FOOD GAS LODGING

SO WHY ARE WE LOOKING AT A FIFTH-RATE SPACE STATION ORBITING THE PLANET MIDDEN IN THE SHMATTAZOID SECTOR?

BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE THEY SENT HIM...

IT'S A GALACTIC DISGRACE, I TELL YOU! THAT I, DUCK DODGERS OF THE 24TH & 1/2TH CENTURY, SHOULD BE EXILED TO THE TRASH HEAP OF THE UNIVERSE!

WELL, Y-UH-YOUR HEROSHIP, SIR...

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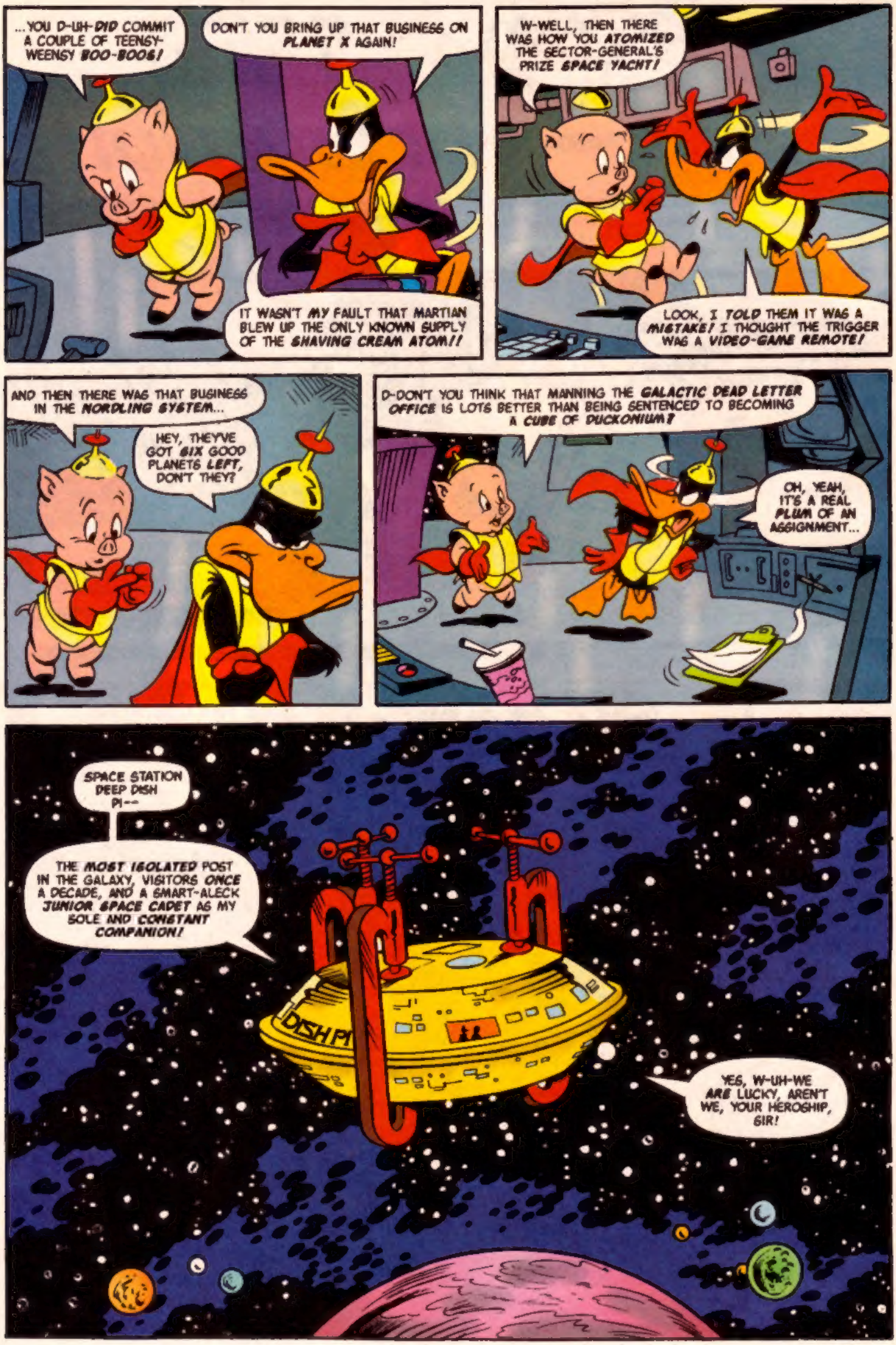
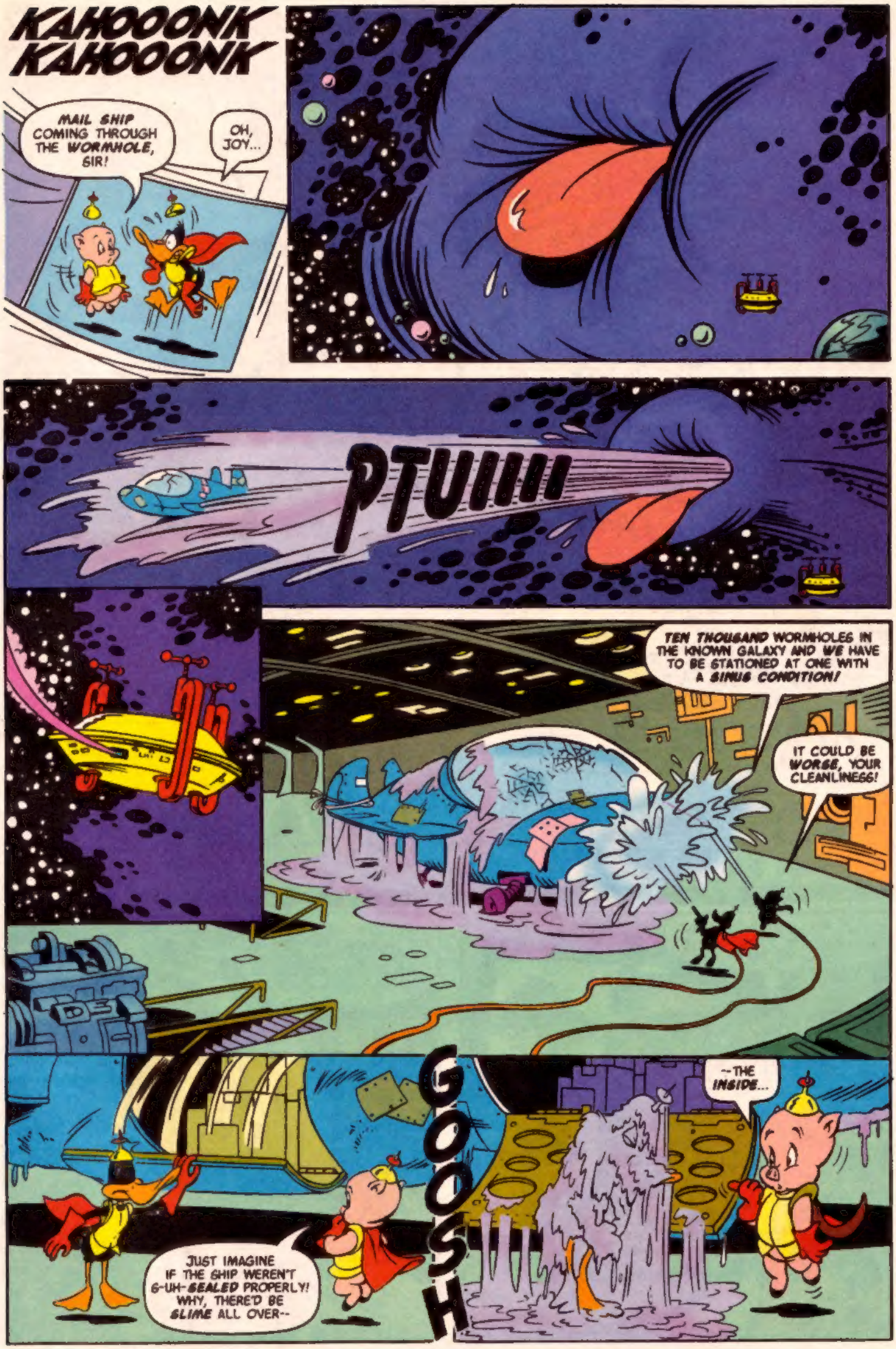

...YOU D-UH-DID COMMIT A COUPLE OF TEENSY-WEENSY BOO-BOOS!
DON'T YOU BRING UP THAT BUSINESS ON PLANET X AGAIN!
IT WASN'T MY FAULT THAT MARTIAN BLEW UP THE ONLY KNOWN SUPPLY OF THE SHAVING CREAM ATOM!!
W-WELL, THEN THERE WAS HOW YOU ATOMIZED THE SECTOR-GENERAL'S PRIZE SPACE YACHT!
LOOK, I TOLD THEM IT WAS A MISTAKE! I THOUGHT THE TRIGGER WAS A VIDEO-GAME REMOTE!
AND THEN THERE WAS THAT BUSINESS IN THE NORDLING SYSTEM...
HEY, THEYVE GOT SIX GOOD PLANETS LEFT, DON'T THEY?
D-DON'T YOU THINK THAT MANNING THE GALACTIC DEAD LETTER OFFICE IS LOTS BETTER THAN BEING SENTENCED TO BECOMING A CUBE OF DUCKONIUM?
OH, YEAH, IT'S A REAL PLUM OF AN ASSIGNMENT...
SPACE STATION DEEP DISH PI--
THE MOST ISOLATED POST IN THE GALAXY, VISITORS ONCE A DECADE, AND A SMART-ALECK JUNIOR SPACE CADET AS MY SOLE AND CONSTANT COMPANION!
DISH PI
YES, W-UH-WE ARE LUCKY, AREN'T WE, YOUR HEROSHIP, SIR!


KAHOOONK KAHOOONK
MAIL SHIP COMING THROUGH THE WORMHOLE, SIR!
OH, JOY...
PTUIIII
TEN THOUSAND WORMHOLES IN THE KNOWN GALAXY AND WE HAVE TO BE STATIONED AT ONE WITH A SINUS CONDITION!
IT COULD BE WORSE, YOUR CLEANLINESS!
GOOSH
--THE INSIDE...
JUST IMAGINE IF THE SHIP WEREN'T G-UH-SEALED PROPERLY! WHY, THERE'D BE SLIME ALL OVER--

ONE QUICK SHOWER LATER...

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE POST OFFICE COULDN'T DELIVER TO THE GOOD CITIZENS OF THE FEDERATED CONGLOMERATION!

HMMMM...SIX HUNDRED MIS-ADDRESSED LETTERS...THREE HUNDRED DAMAGED CRATES OF GLASSWARE...

ACME MAIL SORTER

...SEVEN-MILLION-SIXTY-FIVE FLYERS FOR KURTIN'S END-OF-THE-MILLENNIUM SHOE SALE...

FA-CHOOOSCH

WHUMP!

...A MILLION COPIES OF LAST WEEK'S 3-D-TV GUIDE...

...THE SEASON'S USUAL REJECTED EXPRESS-DELIVERY FRUITCAKES...

SAY, HAVE WE FINISHED RECREATING SWITZERLAND OUT OF FRUITCAKES ON PLANET MIDDEN YET, CADET PORKY?

NEE-UH, NOO-UHH--NOPE, YOUR SORTERSHIP! WE STILL HAVE TO BUILD THE ALPS!

CHECK OFF THE ALPS AND START A NEW CONTINENT--WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO BUILD AUSTRALIA OUT OF OLD CATALOGS!

FA-CHOOOSCH

FOUR DAYS LATER...
ONLY TWO SPANT PANTS PACKAGES LEFT. WHEEZES...
...THIS BOX OF SELF-DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS...
...AND THIS ITTY-BITTY BOX ADDRESSED TO SOME POOR SLOB NAMED...
SELF-DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS
--DUCK DODGERS!
HEY--THAT'S ME! SOMEBODY REMEMBERED THAT I EXIST! OH, JOY! RAPTURE!
WELL, OPEN IT, YOUR RECIPIENTSHIP, SIR!
GREETINGS, MISTER BUCK BODGERS!
I'M ED MCHAVEN OF THE PUBLISHER'S DUMPINGHOUSE SWEEPSTAKES, HERE TO SAY THAT YOU ARE...
I'VE WON! I'VE WON!
I'M RICH! I'M OUTTA HERE!
...NOT OUR BIG WINNER!
BUT YOU CAN QUALIFY FOR OUR NEXT ROUND BY ORDERING A TEN-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO--

DO NOT DROP, JOSTLE OR BUMP
YOU WERE WARNED!
SELF-DELIVERING NEWSPAPERS
TOSS
CLUNK
SMACK
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT!
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
SPRONGG
FLIP
WHAP
WHAP
YEETCH! YOWTCH! OOOG! OWW!
SLAMM
MAIL SORTING ROOM
PANTS I... QUIT... PANTS SEND ME HOME... NOW!
NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY GO ANY WRONGER!
KAHOONK KAHOONK
EEEEEEEEEEK!!
IT'S THE WORMHOLE ALARM AGAIN, SIR! WE MUST HAVE CAMP-UH, COOMP-UH-- VISITORS!

VISITORS?! HERE?! NOW?! OH BOY OH BOY--
AHEM!, THAT IS-- VISITORS. YES, WELL, LET US GO AND GREET THEM, CADET PORKY!
LET IT NEVER BE SAID THAT DUCK DODGERS OF THE 24TH & 1/2TH CENTURY DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO WELCOME A GUEST!
IGS
DUCKS
BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE A SURPRISE INSPECTION!
WELCOME, STRANGERS, IN THE NAME OF THE FEDERATED CONGLOMERATION! HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?
YOU CAN SURRENDER TO THE IRRESISTIBLE MIGHT OF THE G'KEET'R ARMADA!
WE ARE HERE TO CONQUER YOU-- RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!
RIGHT--BIG OL' US SURRENDER TO TEENSY-WEENSY YOU!
GO PICK A FIGHT YOU CAN WIN! TRY PUMMELING PARAMECIA!
ZINGG
YEEOOWTCH!

SHOOTING ME WHILE YOUR *BACK* WAS TURNED, EH? HOW *UNSPORTS-MANLIKE!*

CADET PORKY--FETCH ME MY *THURSDAY AFTERNOON SPECIAL!*

R-R-RIGHT HERE, YOUR IRATENESS, SIR.

ACME ALIEN PEST ERADICATOR

KCHUNK

ZIIIP

WHAP

HAVE *ROBOJEEVES*, THE BUTLER, TAKE *THAT* OUT WITH THE *REST* OF THE TRASH, CADET!

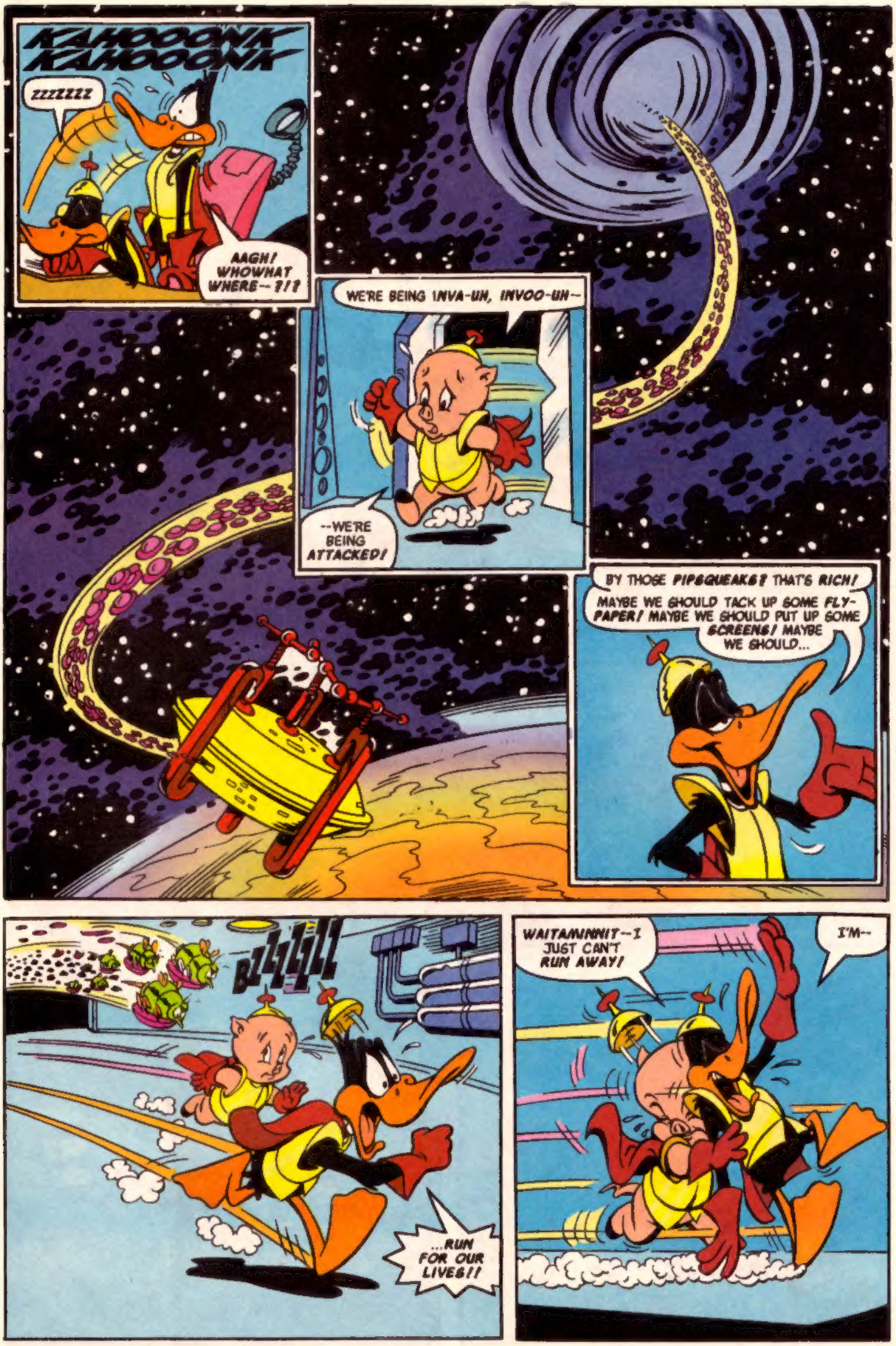
S'KEET'R X1473 TO BASE HELLLPP MEEEE...

HELLLPP MEEEE...

?!

NOW MAYBE I CAN GET SOME *WORK* DONE!

ZIP CODES OF THE GALAXY VOL. 27389 1/2


KAHOOONK KAHOOONK
ZZZZZZZ
AAGH! WHOWHAT WHERE--?!?
WE'RE BEING INVA-UH, INVOO-UH--
--WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
BY THOSE PIPSQUEAKS? THAT'S RICH!
MAYBE WE SHOULD TACK UP SOME FLY-PAPER! MAYBE WE SHOULD PUT UP SOME SCREENS! MAYBE WE SHOULD...
BZZZZZZZ
...RUN FOR OUR LIVES!!
WAITAMINNIT--I JUST CAN'T RUN AWAY!
I'M--

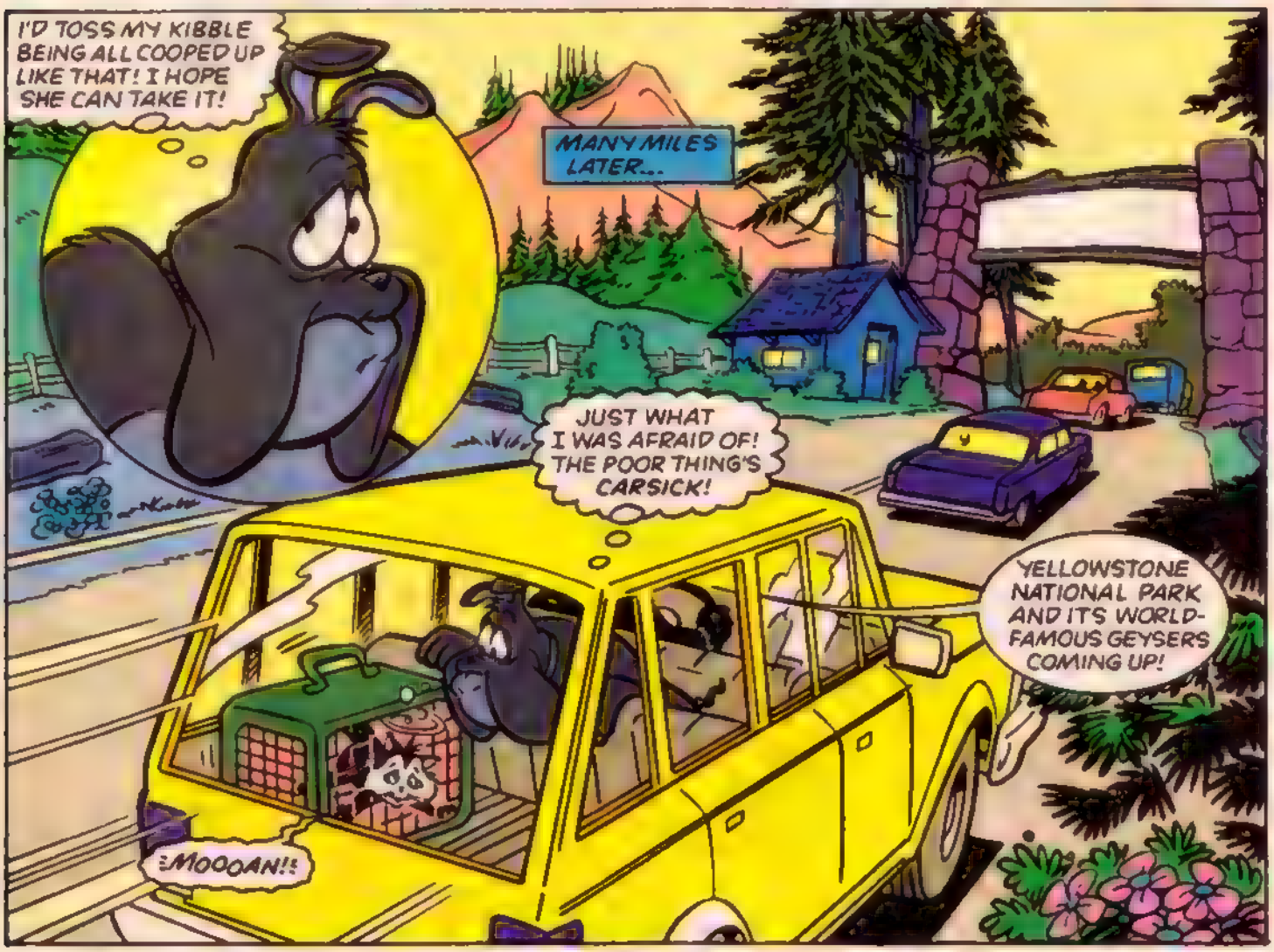
--DUCK DODGERS OF THE 24TH AND 1/2TH CENTURY!!
AND I'M YOUR FAITHFUL 6P-UH- SPACE CADET!
WE REPRESENT THE FEDERATED CONGLOMERATION! WE HAVE TO STAND OUR GROUND--HOLD THE FORT--PRESERVE AND PROTECT!
PUNT
GO TO IT, KID!
EARTH! COME IN, EARTH! SOMEONE! ANYONE! HALLPP!!
HI, THIS IS THE POSTAL EMERGENCY SERVICE! PLEASE LEAVE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU BY MAIL! *BEEEEEEEEP!*
S-UH-SORRY, SIR, BUT I'M PASSING THIS PROBLEM UP THE CHAIN OF COMMAND!
ZTINGG
ZTINGG
ZTINGG
WHEN THIS IS OVER, CADET, REMIND ME TO DEMOTE YOU TO LETTER STAMPER, THIRD CLASS!
ZTINGG
ZTINGG
ZTINGG
ZTINGG

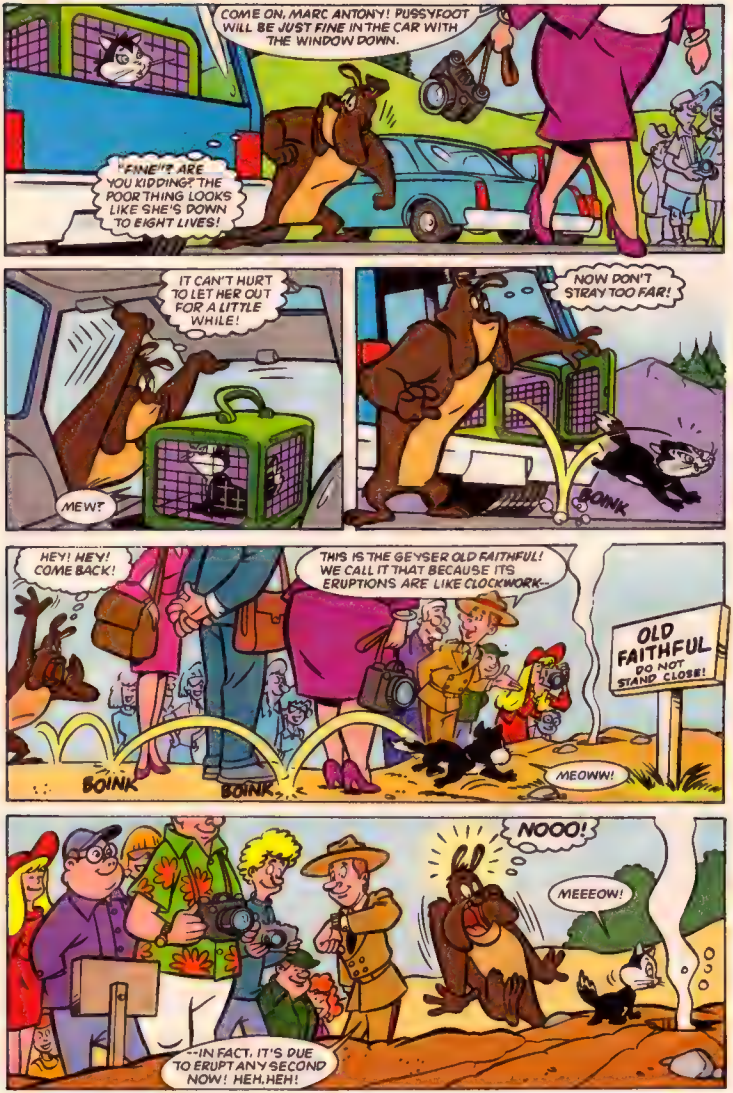
OH, NO--WE'RE TRAPPED! DOOMED!
MAIL SORTING ROOM
I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! I'VE ONLY GOT 17 1/2 YEARS TILL RETIREMENT!
DON'T GIVE UP YET, YOUR CREE-UH, CROO-UH, YOUR CRAVENNESS!
WE'VE GOT THE ULTIMATE WEAPON--BAD NEWS!
MAIL SORTING ROOM
CLANG
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
HUH--?!
WHAP
OWTCH!
SMAK
OOH!
EEETCH!
OUCHIE OUCHIE!
BAPP
WHAP
WHAP
OW! OW!
RETREAT! RETREAT!!

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF TH-UH-THEM, YOUR HEROSHIP!
GOOD JOB, CADET! YOU ARE HEREBY REINSTATED TO CHIEF MAILBAG-TOTER!
EARTH CALLING DUCK DODGERS...!
CHIEF DRONE! YOU RETURNED MY CALL!
YES! I WAS JUST PAYING MY ANNUAL VISIT TO MY OFFICE WHEN YOU CALLED! I WITNESSED THAT ENTIRE BROUHAHA!
SIR, I'M SURE I CAN COME UP WITH AN EXPLANATION IF YOU GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES...
NO NEED, DODGERS!
YOU SAVED THE FEDERATED CONGLOMERATION FROM AN ALIEN INVASION!
I DID...? I MEAN, I DID!
AND IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR BRAVERY, EARTH IS APPOINTING YOU SUPREME DEFENDER OF THE FEDERATED CONGLOMERATION!
YOU'LL BE PERMANENTLY ASSIGNED TO A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN PROTECT US ALL!
YOUR CERTIFICATE AND DUTY STATION ARE BEING FAXED EVEN AS WE SPEAK! GOODBYE, DODGERS! KLUK
I'M GONNA MISS YOU, CADET! BUT I'LL THINK FONDLY OF YOU AS I ENJOY THE LUXURIES OF MY NEW PERMANENT POST!
A POST BEFITTING MY DIGNITY AND STATUS! A POST NAMED...
SPACE STATION DEEP DISH PI!!!
DEEP DISH PI
3609-t
AND SO WE LEAVE THE 24TH AND 1/2TH CENTURY, REASSURED THAT ITS BRAVEST CITIZEN IS DOING HIS DUTY TO KEEP IT FROM BEING...BUGGED!

Writer Jack Enyart Penciller. Jose Quartiero Inker Mike DeCarlo Letterer Bob Pinaha Colorist Jo Meugniot

IT'S VACATION TIME FOR MARC ANTONY AND PUSSYFOOT! BUT THERE'S A HITCH...
ISN'T THIS THRILLING, MARC ANTONY? WE'LL BE TRAVELLING ALL ACROSS THE U.S.A.!
YEAH. BUT POOR PUSSYFOOT HAS TO GO IN A KITTY CARRIER!


I'D TOSS MY KIBBLE BEING ALL COOPED UP LIKE THAT! I HOPE SHE CAN TAKE IT!
MANY MILES LATER...
JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! THE POOR THING'S CARSICK!
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK AND IT'S WORLD-FAMOUS GEYSERS COMING UP!
MOOOAN!!


COME ON, MARC ANTONY! PUSSYFOOT WILL BE JUST FINE IN THE CAR WITH THE WINDOW DOWN.
"FINE"? ARE YOU KIDDING? THE POOR THING LOOKS LIKE SHE'S DOWN TO EIGHT LIVES!
IT CAN'T HURT TO LET HER OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE!
MEW?
NOW DON'T STRAY TOO FAR!
BOINK
HEY! HEY! COME BACK!
THIS IS THE GEYSER OLD FAITHFUL! WE CALL IT THAT BECAUSE ITS ERUPTIONS ARE LIKE CLOCKWORK--
OLD FAITHFUL DO NOT STAND CLOSE!
BOINK
BOINK
MEOWW!
NOOO!
MEEEOW!
--IN FACT, IT'S DUE TO ERUPT ANY SECOND NOW! HEH.HEH!

HMMM?

RRR

RRR

QUICK! OUTTA THE WAY!

MEE-YOW!

RUN

OWOOO!

HEY YOU! GET DOWN HERE!

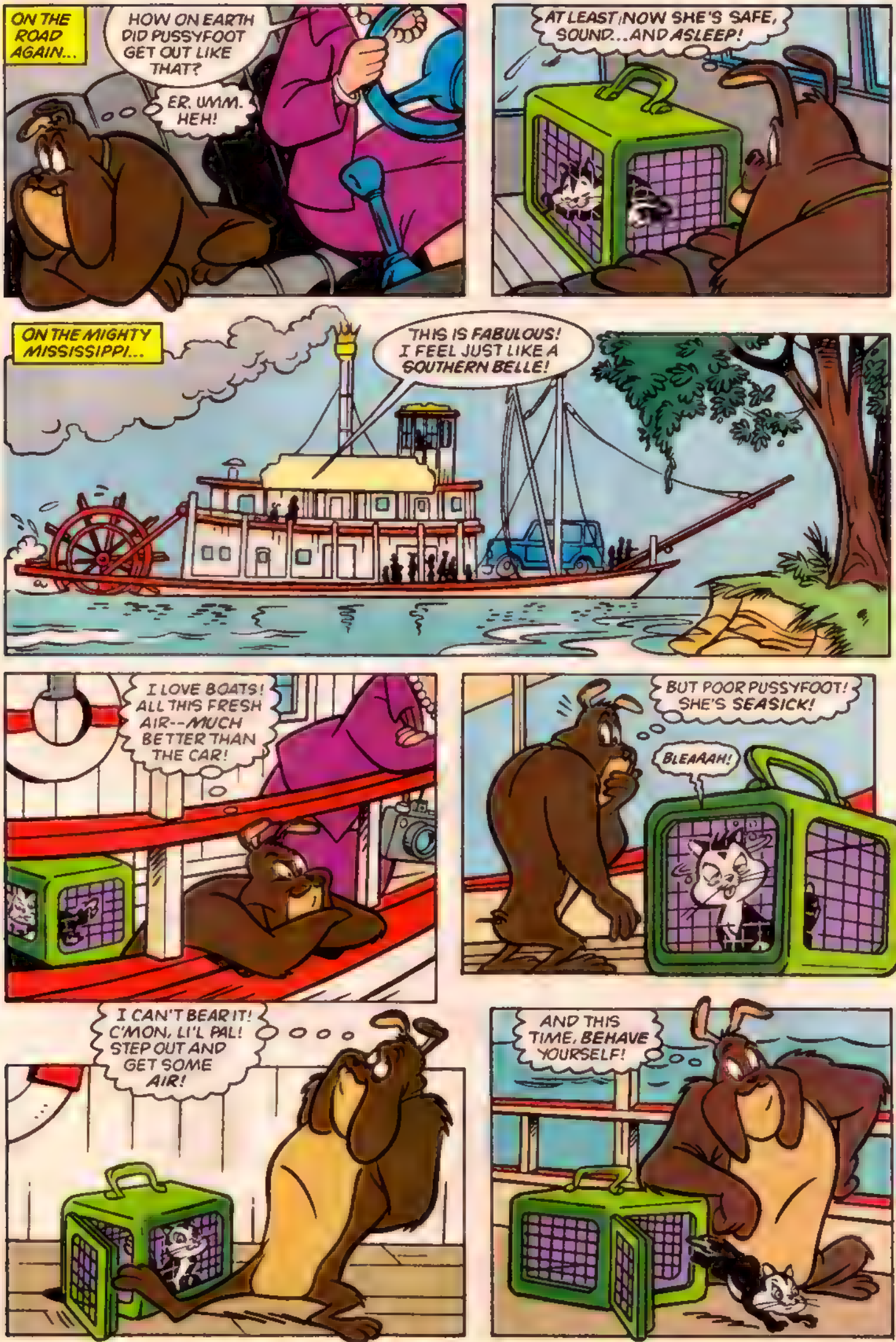
IS THIS PART OF THE SHOW?

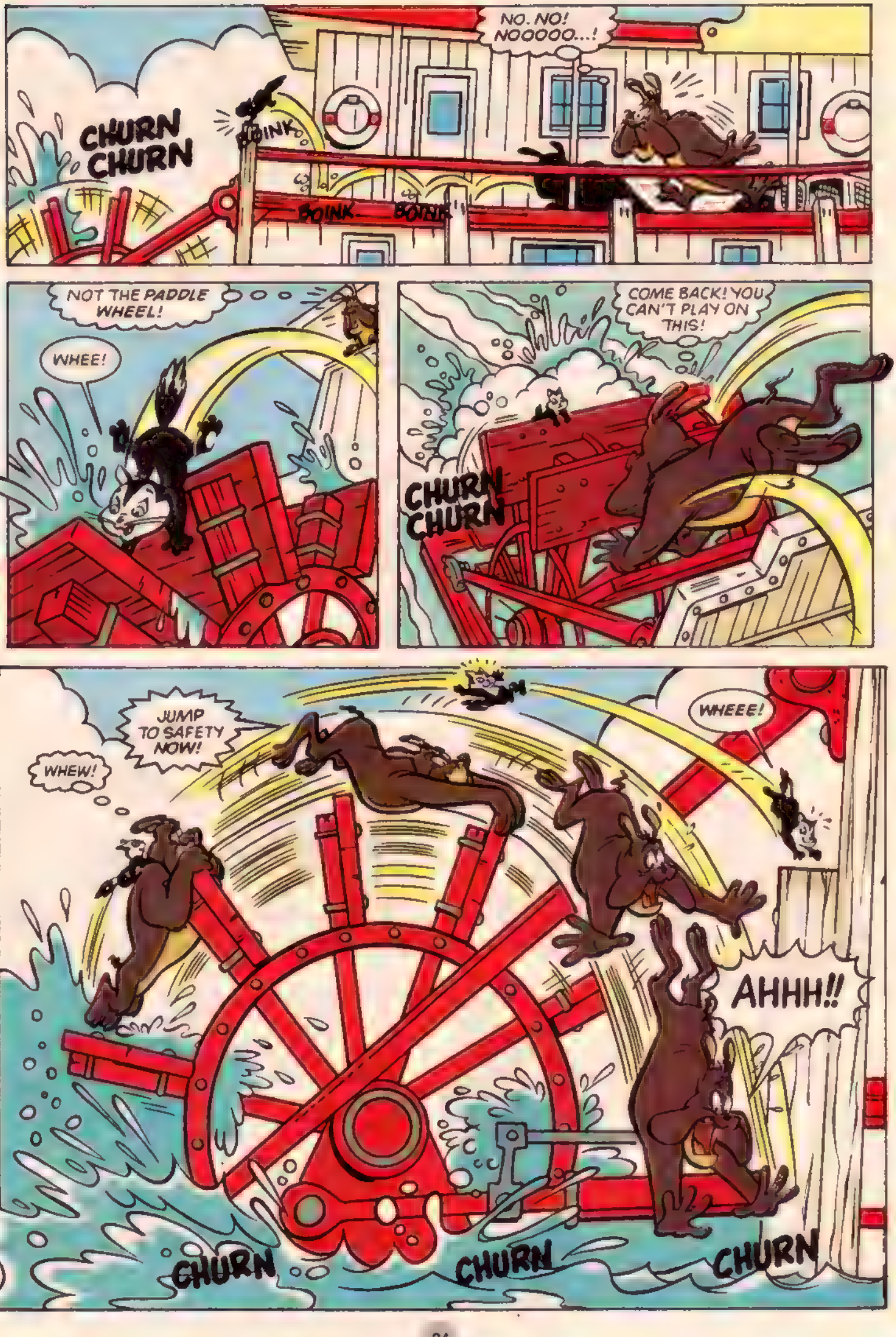
WEEELL, THE ERUPTION SHOULD STOP ANY SEC--

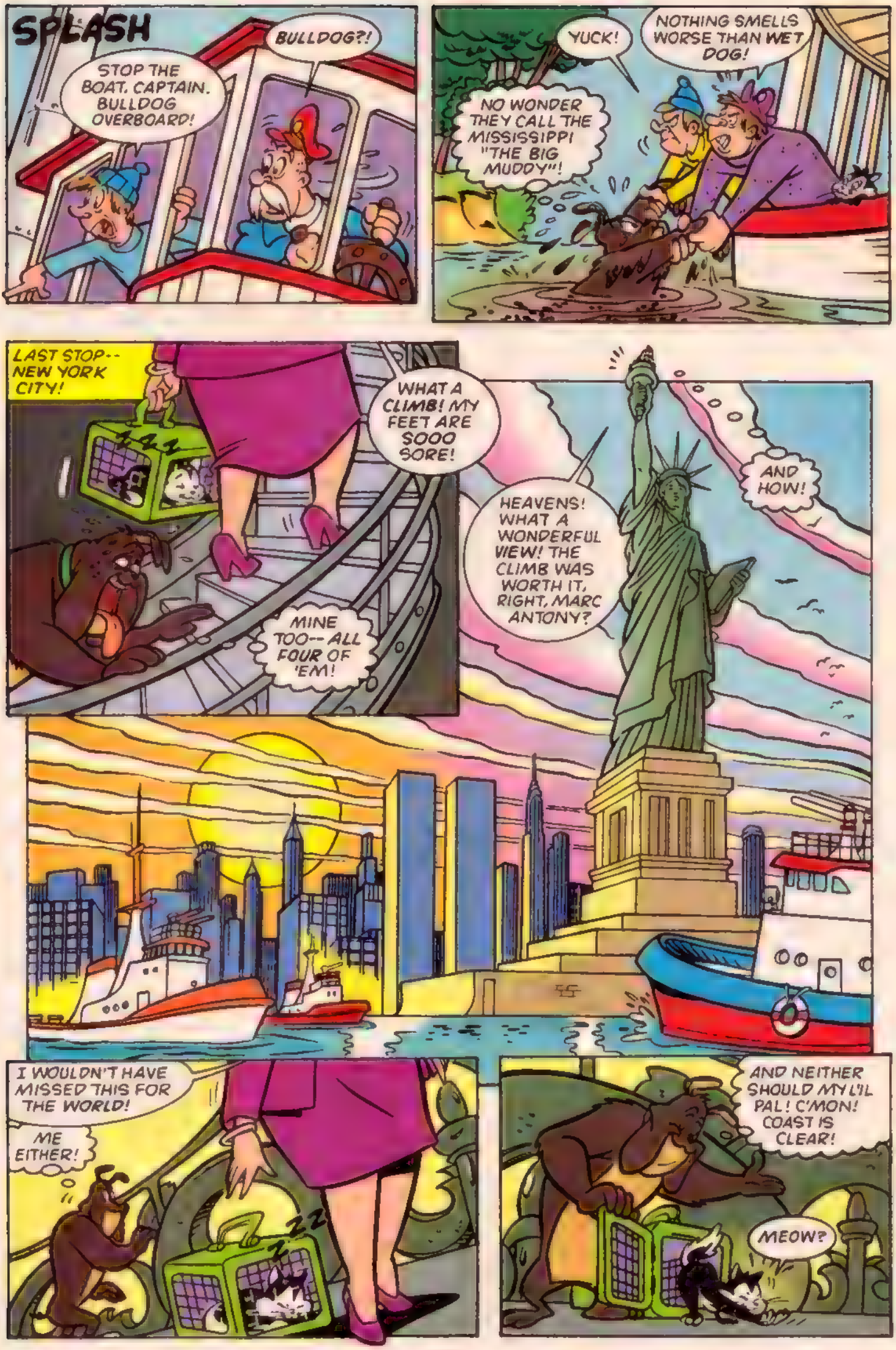
THUD

THAR SHE BLOWS-- HUH?!

GREAT ACT! WHEN'S THE NEXT PERFORMANCE?


ON THE ROAD AGAIN...
HOW ON EARTH DID PUSSYFOOT GET OUT LIKE THAT?
ER. UMM. HEH!
AT LEAST NOW SHE'S SAFE, SOUND...AND ASLEEP!
ON THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI...
THIS IS FABULOUS! I FEEL JUST LIKE A SOUTHERN BELLE!
I LOVE BOATS! ALL THIS FRESH AIR--MUCH BETTER THAN THE CAR!
BUT POOR PUSSYFOOT! SHE'S SEASICK!
BLEAAAH!
I CAN'T BEAR IT! C'MON, LI'L PAL! STEP OUT AND GET SOME AIR!
AND THIS TIME, BEHAVE YOURSELF!


NO. NO! NOOOOO...!
CHURN CHURN
BOINK
BOINK
BOINK
NOT THE PADDLE WHEEL!
WHEE!
COME BACK! YOU CAN'T PLAY ON THIS!
CHURN CHURN
JUMP TO SAFETY NOW!
WHEW!
WHEEE!
AHHH!!
CHURN
CHURN
CHURN


SPLASH
BULLDOG?!
STOP THE BOAT, CAPTAIN. BULLDOG OVERBOARD!
YUCK!
NOTHING SMELLS WORSE THAN WET DOG!
NO WONDER THEY CALL THE MISSISSIPPI "THE BIG MUDDY"!
LAST STOP-- NEW YORK CITY!
WHAT A CLIMB! MY FEET ARE SOOO SORE!
MINE TOO-- ALL FOUR OF 'EM!
HEAVENS! WHAT A WONDERFUL VIEW! THE CLIMB WAS WORTH IT, RIGHT, MARC ANTONY?
AND HOW!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR THE WORLD!
ME EITHER!
AND NEITHER SHOULD MY L'IL PAL! C'MON! COAST IS CLEAR!
MEOW?

TAKE A QUICK LOOK 'ROUND. BUT PLEASE, PLEEEASE, STAY OUTTA TROUBLE!

YAAAWN!

YIKES! SHE'S GONE!

COME BACK! COME BACK! WHERE'D YOU--

YIIIII!

--GOT!

YIPE!

READY...

BLAST

...AIM...

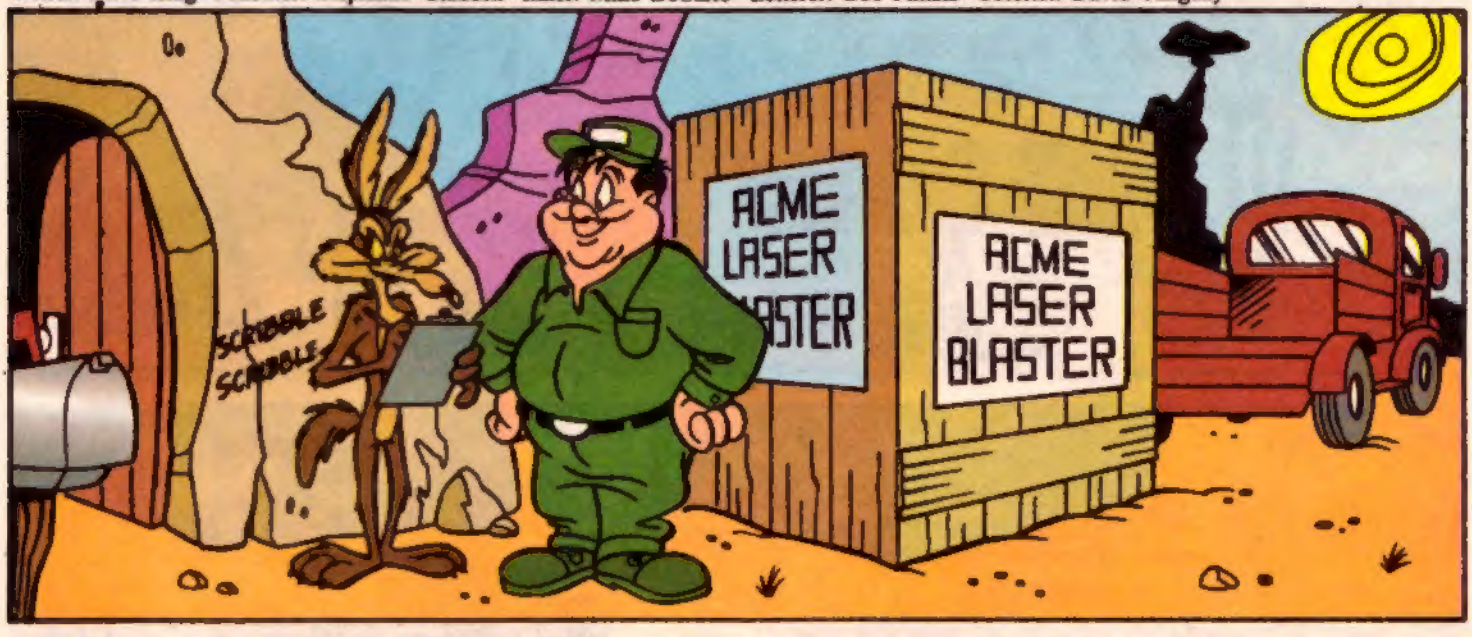
...FIRE!

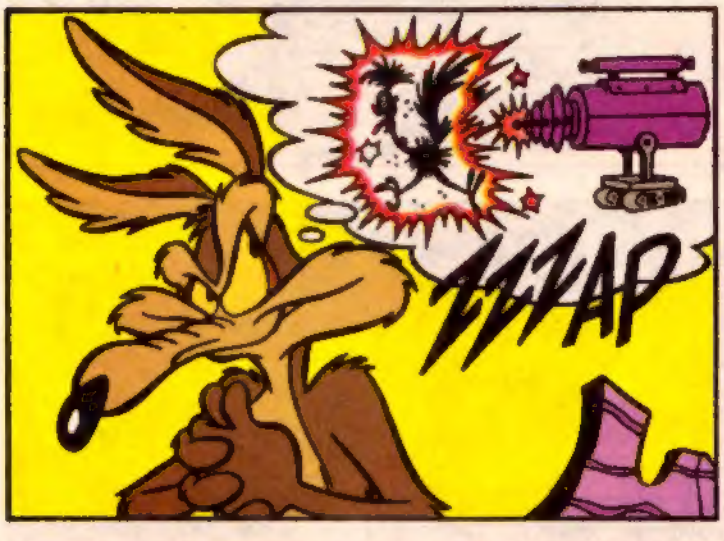
IS THAT A BULLDOG FALLING OFF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY?!

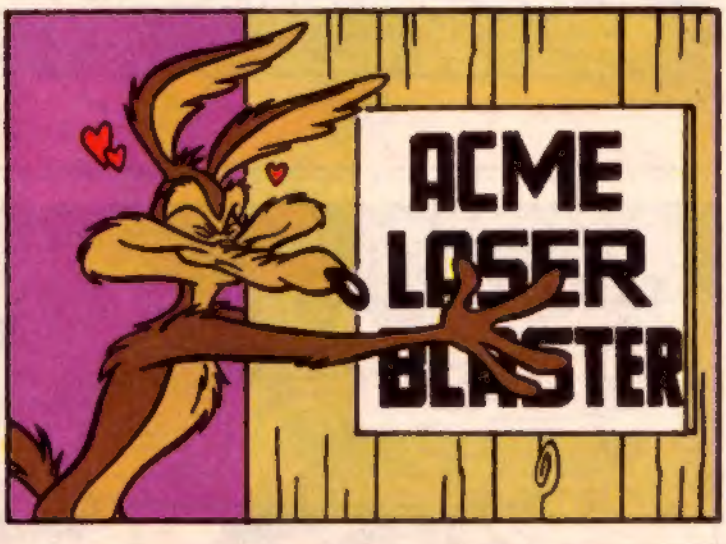
FIREBOAT ALERT! ACTIVATE EMERGENCY PLAN 5513!

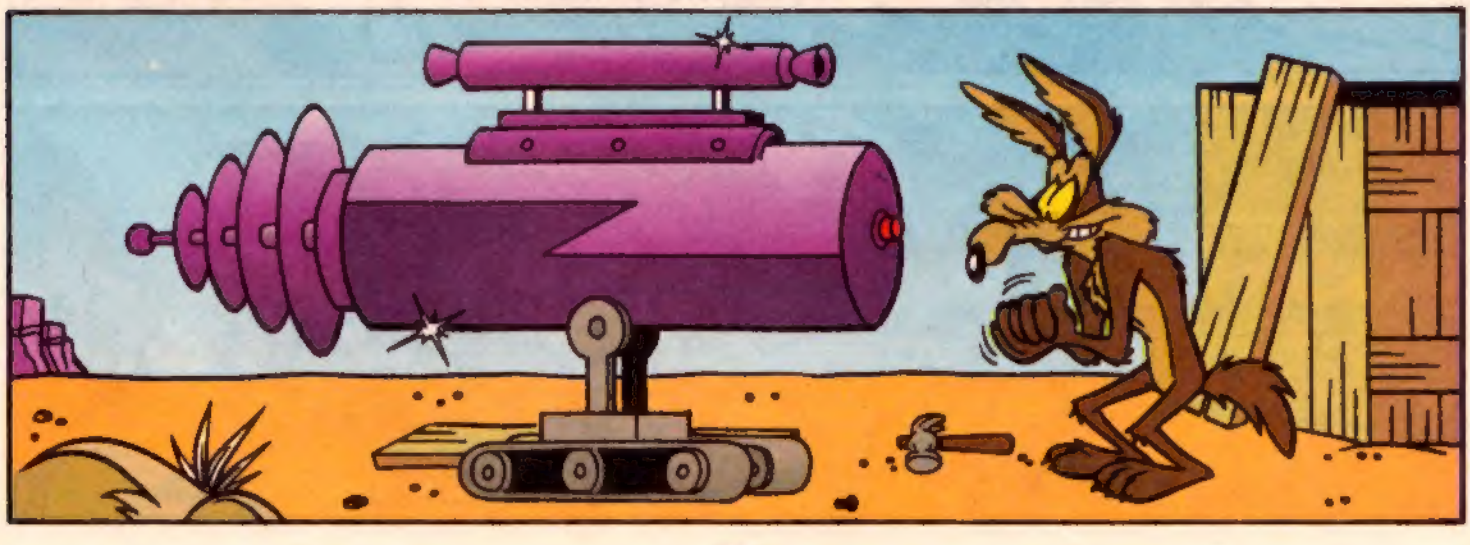
THAT'S IT! LET HIM DOWN EASY!
SPEEDBOAT INTO POSITION...
OOF!
PLOP
GOT 'IM!
GRACIOUS! MARC ANTONY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?!
JUST SO LONG AS MY LITTLE BUDDY'S OKAY!
HURRAH
THE CITY'S FINEST
MA'AM! YOUR DOG SHOWED AMAZING HEROISM! THE MAYOR WANTS TO INCLUDE THEM IN THE CITY'S "SALUTE TO HEROES" PARADE!
I'M SPEECHLESS! THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR!
NOT CARSICK THIS TIME, HUH LI'L PAL?
THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

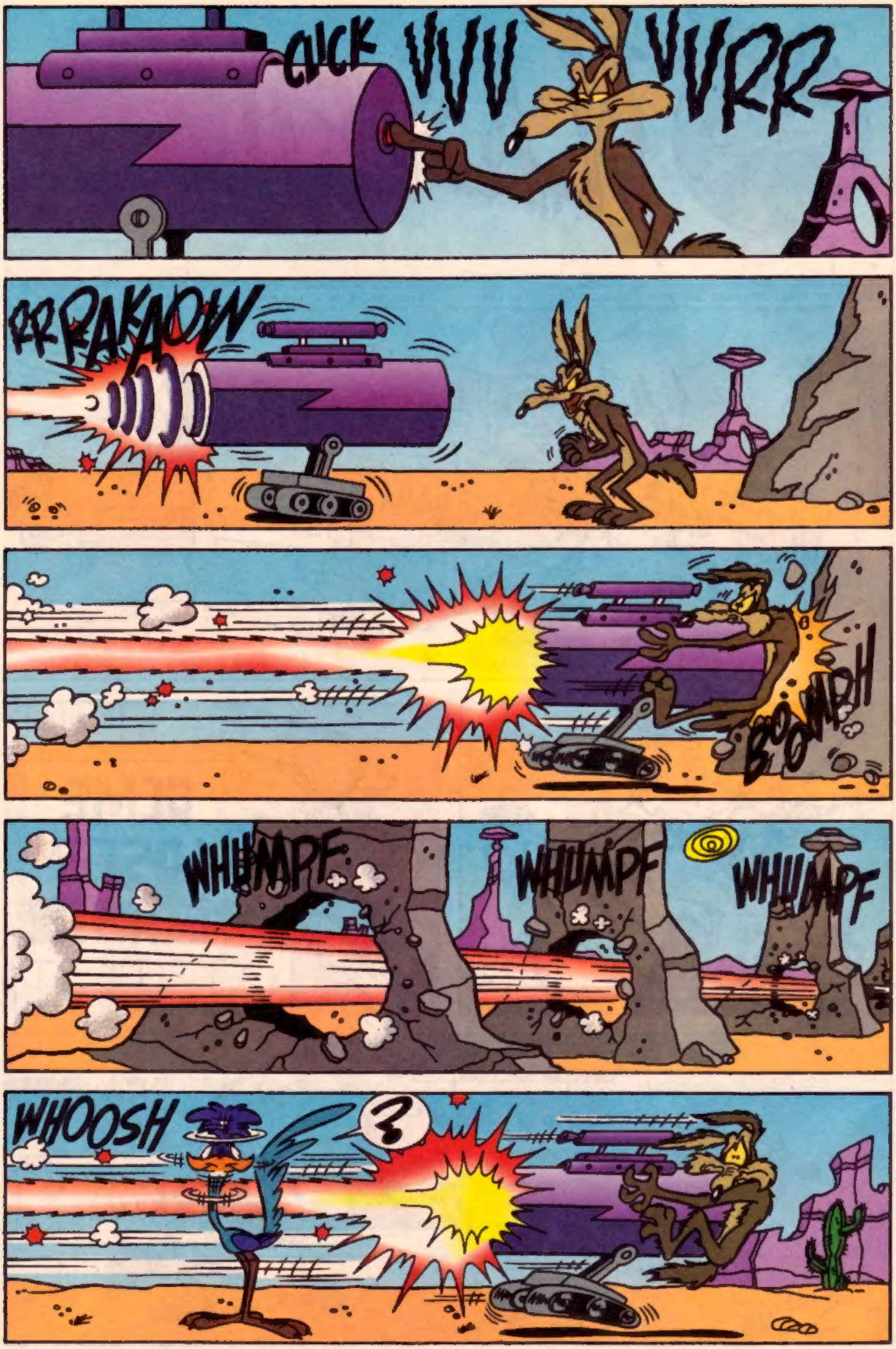
Writer: Dave King Penciller: Stephanie Gladden Inker: Mike DeCarlo Letterer: Bob Pinaha Colorist: David Tanguay

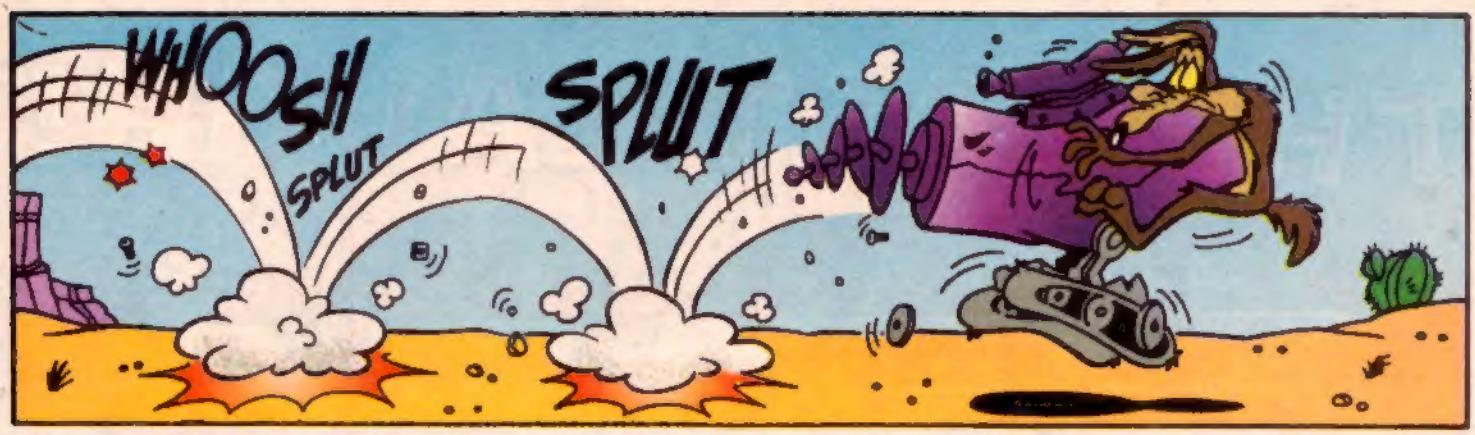


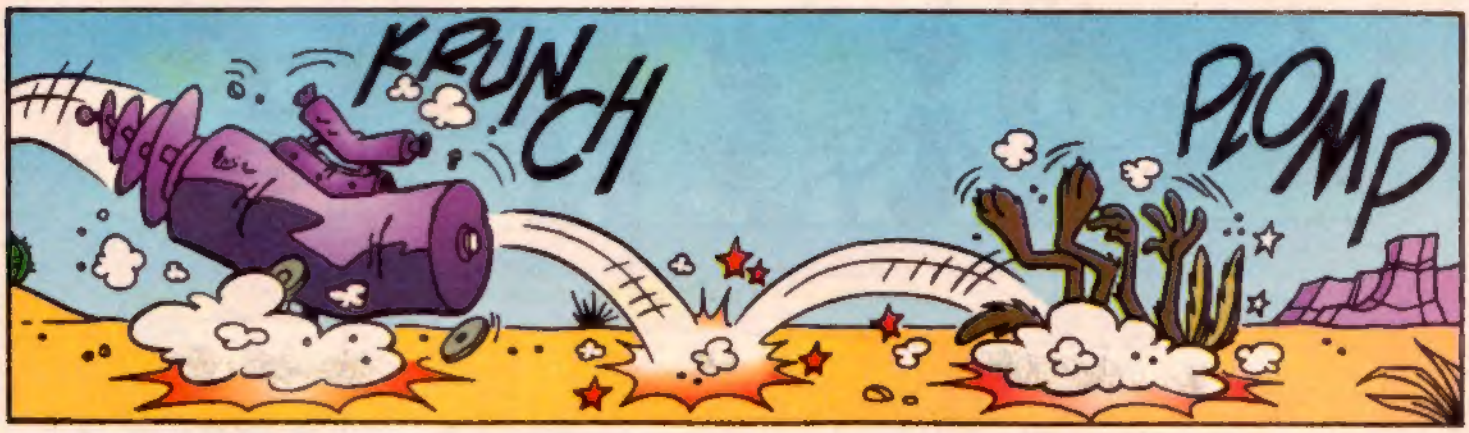


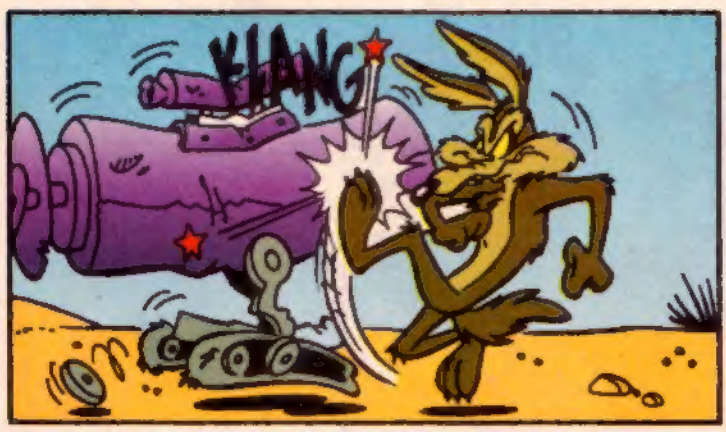


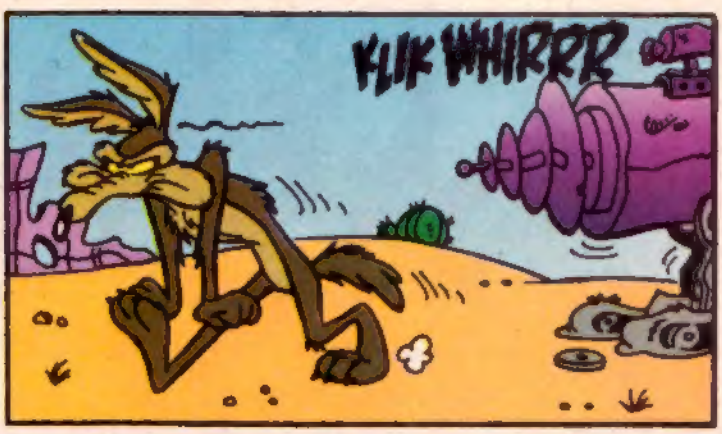



CLICK
VVV
VVRR
RRRAKAOW
BOOMPH
WHUMPF
WHUMPF
WHUMPF
WHOOSH
?

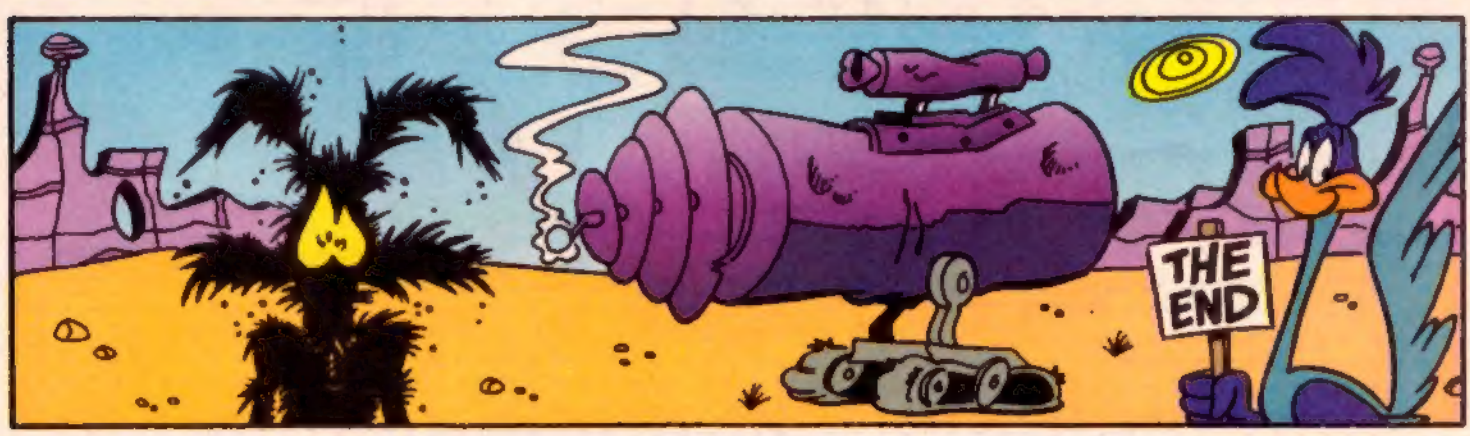

WHOOSH
SPLUT
SPLUT


KRUNCH
PLOMP

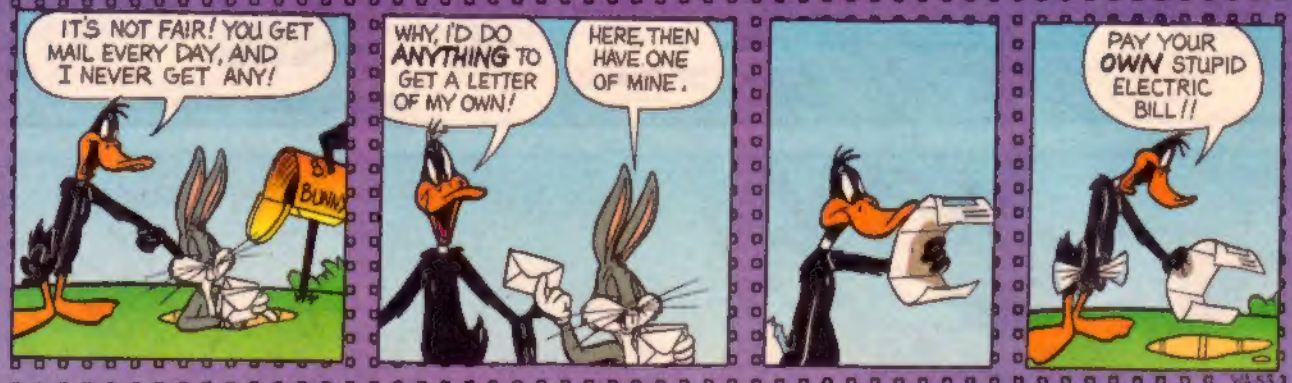

KIANG

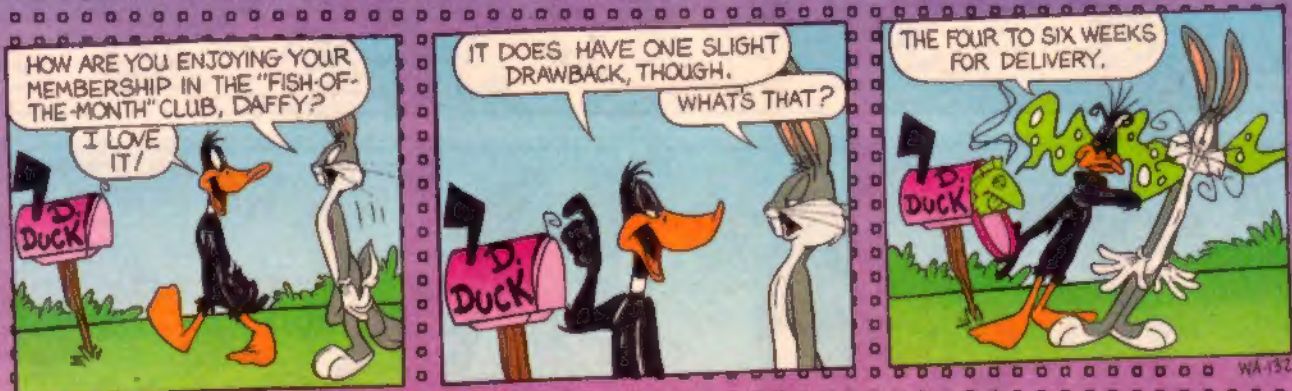

KLIK WHIRRR

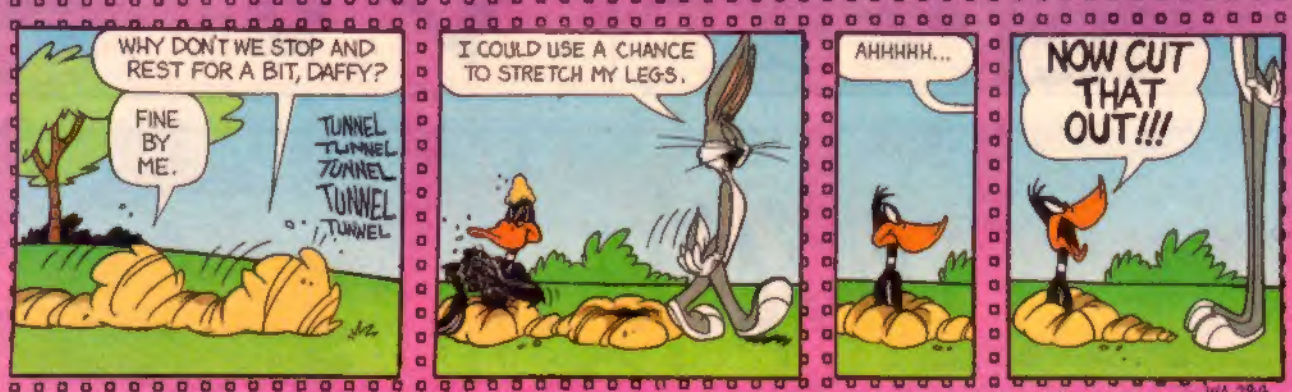
KAZAKK

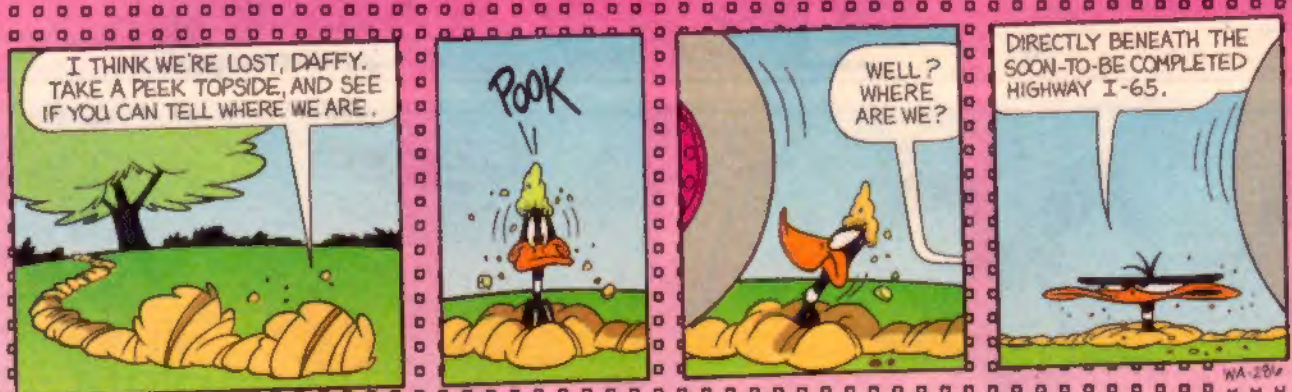

THE END

THE LAST LAUGH!


IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU GET MAIL EVERY DAY, AND I NEVER GET ANY!
BUNNY
WHY, I'D DO ANYTHING TO GET A LETTER OF MY OWN!
HERE, THEN HAVE ONE OF MINE.
PAY YOUR OWN STUPID ELECTRIC BILL!!
WA-553


HOW ARE YOU ENJOYING YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE "FISH-OF-THE-MONTH" CLUB, DAFFY?
I LOVE IT!
D. DUCK
IT DOES HAVE ONE SLIGHT DRAWBACK, THOUGH.
WHAT'S THAT?
D. DUCK
THE FOUR TO SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.
D. DUCK
WA-132


WHY DON'T WE STOP AND REST FOR A BIT, DAFFY?
FINE BY ME.
TUNNEL TUNNEL TUNNEL TUNNEL TUNNEL
I COULD USE A CHANCE TO STRETCH MY LEGS.
AHHHHH...
NOW CUT THAT OUT!!!
WA-284


I THINK WE'RE LOST, DAFFY. TAKE A PEEK TOPSIDE, AND SEE IF YOU CAN TELL WHERE WE ARE.
POOK
WELL? WHERE ARE WE?
DIRECTLY BENEATH THE SOON-TO-BE COMPLETED HIGHWAY I-65.
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